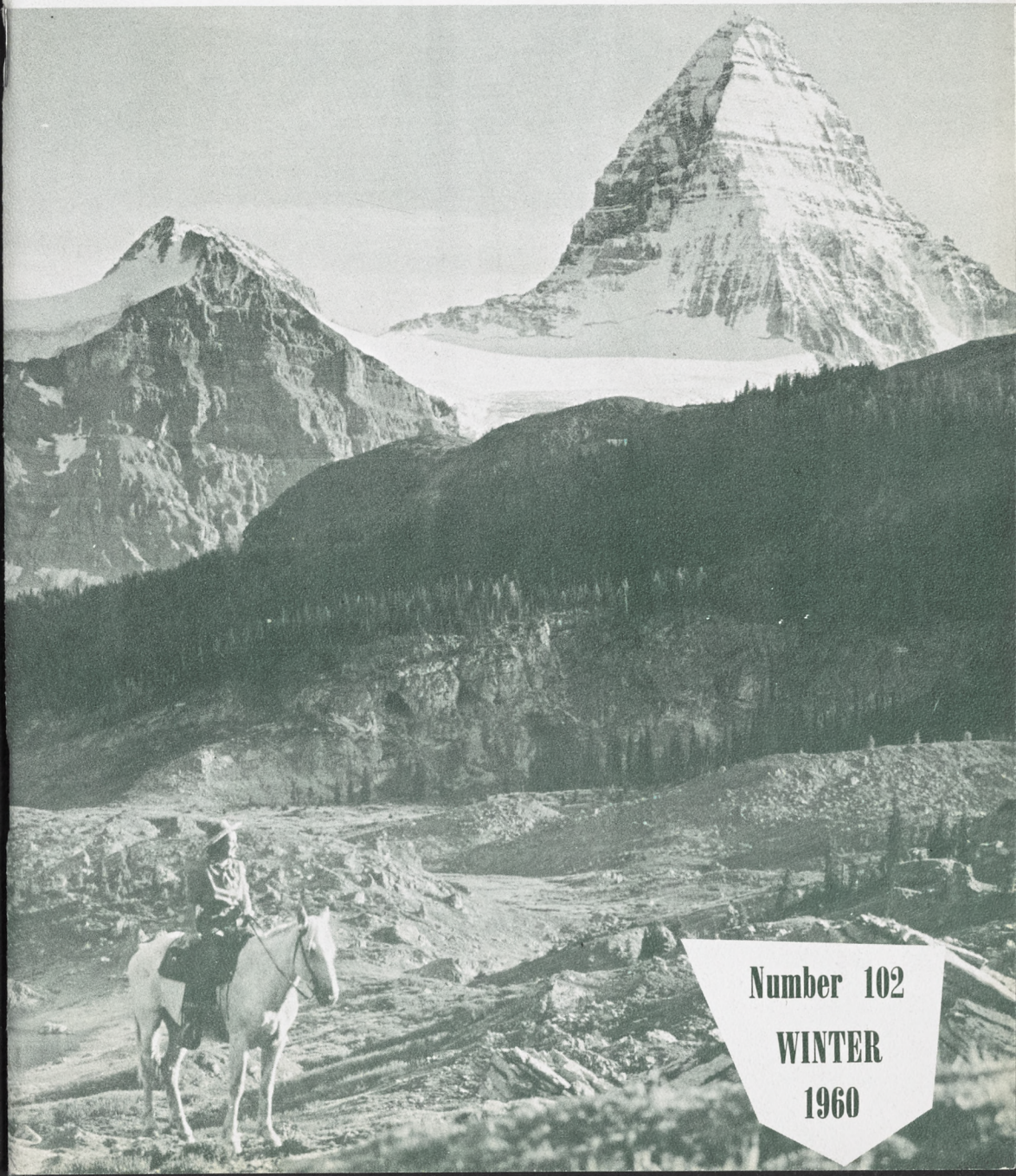


TRAIL RIDERS

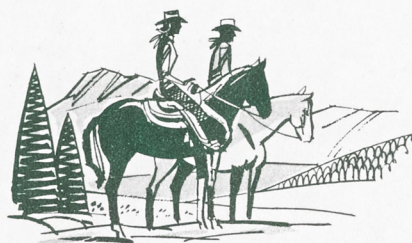
in the CANADIAN ROCKIES



Number 102

WINTER

1960



On the Cavalcade of 1960

PALLISER PASS CAMP

July 13 - July 17

Alger, Gordon	Calgary, Alta.
Alger, Ross	Calgary, Alta.
Baggs, Patricia	Plymouth Meeting, Pa.
Brown, Carol E.	Kathryn, Alta.
Blauvelt, Margaret	Calgary, Alta.
Bond, Meryll K.	Vancouver, B.C.
Clement, Marion	Huntington Valley, Pa.
Crum, Elaine	Calgary, Alta.
Hoft, Cammille	Minneapolis, Minn.
Joyce, Wally	Toronto, Ont.
Ketcham, Betsy	Jenkintown, Pa.
Katzin, Debbie	Cheltenham, Pa.
Lausser, Mary	Summit, N.J.
Lotta, Linda	Rydal, Pa.
Lilley, Linda	Glenmore, Pa.
Long, Barbara	Southampton, Pa.
Luria, Annie	Jenkintown, Pa.
Laidlaw, Fred L.	Vancouver, B.C.
Mason, Dr. Vaughan	Calgary, Alta.
Michael, Dorothea	Devon, Pa.
Meschter, Carol	Glenside, Pa.
Osburn, Judith	Longhorn, Pa.
Poirier, Roger	Montreal, Que.
Pope, Doreen	Vernon, B.C.
Quinn, Constance	Ardmore, Pa.
Reeves, Greylin	Huntington Valley, Pa.
Renegor, Glenna	Elkins Park, Pa.
Roderick, Sally	Radnor, Pa.
Schuchard, Holly	Abington, Pa.
Straus, Helen	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sullivan, Eleanor	Huntington Valley, Pa.
Smith, Elizabeth G.	Jenkintown, Pa.
Saunders, Janet	Kathryn, Alta.
Taylor, Elizabeth	Miquon, Pa.
Thompson, R. S.	Scarborough, Ont.
Vaux, Trina	Bryn-Mawr, Pa.
Walton, Trudy	Morestown, Pa.
Wiesberg, Elissa	Cheltenham, Pa.
Whitman, Melinda	Meadowbrook, Pa.
Waldeck, Genny	Banff, Alta.

July 23 - July 28

Andrew Yvonne	Yellowknife, N.W.T.
Bowfield, Jean S.	Vancouver, B.C.
Bolebec, Betty	Vancouver, B.C.
Bailey, Jean	Vancouver, B.C.
Barber, Jim	Calgary, Alta.
Crum, Elaine	Calgary, Alta.
Dawson, Olive	Edmonton, Alta.
Dawson, Dr.	Calgary, Alta.
Finely, Gwenn	Calgary, Alta.
Fuerst, LaVera	Cincinnati, Ohio
Griffin, Baldwin	Forest Hills, N.Y.
Griffin, Gertrude	Forest Hills, N.Y.
Gislason, Olive	Calgary, Alta.
Hart, Suzanne	Vernon, B.C.
Jenkins, Margaret	Vancouver, B.C.
Kirkland, Wallace	Oak Park, Ill.
Lowe, Marshall	Seattle, Wash.

Laidlaw, Fred L.	Vancouver, B.C.
Madill, J. K.	Calgary, Alta.
McVeigh, Don. C.	Drumheller, Alta.
Pearson, Nancy	Anoka, Minn.
Poirier, Roger	Montreal, Que.
Ramsay, Helen	Edmonton, Alta.
Renwick, Jim	Toronto, Ont.
Renwick, Maureen	Toronto, Ont.
Timmins, Robert	Calgary, Alta.
Tees, Gertrude	Vancouver, B.C.
Watkins, Howard	Calgary, Alta.

August 8 - August 13

Anderson, Josephine	Calgary, Alta.
Bagley, Ray	Coleman, Alta.
Bailey, Mrs. M. A.	Calgary, Alta.
Crum, Elaine	Calgary, Alta.
Finlay, Jennifer	Calgary, Alta.
Finlay, Mary-Jo	Calgary, Alta.
Gillies, Suzanne	Edmonton, Alta.
Goodman, Yovonne	Edmonton, Alta.
Hopkins, Paula	Calgary, Alta.
Hardy, Dr.	Calgary, Alta.
Johns, Judy	Calgary, Alta.
Johns, Mary	Calgary, Alta.
Lomas, Earl	Calgary, Alta.
Lomas, Dorothy	Calgary, Alta.
Leer, Gerda	Calgary, Alta.
Laidlaw, Fred L.	Vancouver, B.C.
McIver, John	Calgary, Alta.
Reid, Isobel	Toronto, Ont.
St. John, Helen A.	Norwich, Ont.
Treviss, Charlie N.	Calgary, Alta.
Tharp, Ray S.	Calgary, Alta.
Tharp, Mrs. R. S.	Calgary, Alta.
Waite, Pat	Calgary, Alta.
Waite, Jack	Calgary, Alta.
Watt, Joyce B.	Calgary, Alta.
Wells, Gordon	Calgary, Alta.
Wells, Helen	Calgary, Alta.
Ward, Gordon	Calgary, Alta.
Ward, Dorothy	Calgary, Alta.

August 18 - August 22

Corley, Marion	Calgary, Alta.
Crum, Elaine	Calgary, Alta.
deJong, Robbie	Calgary, Alta.
Elliott, Dr. George B.	Calgary, Alta.
Elliott, Mary	Calgary, Alta.
Elliott, Allison	Calgary, Alta.
Elliott, Jean	Calgary, Alta.
Irwin, Gertrude	Calgary, Alta.
Keil, Rudy C.	Chicago, Ill.
Laidlaw, Fred L.	Vancouver, B.C.
Ostlund, Doris	Vancouver, B.C.
Robinson, Edith	Leeds, England
Robinson, Bernice	Calgary, Alta.
Whittaker, Charlie R.	Edmonton, Alta.
Webster, Margaret	Calgary, Alta.

Those Bright New Teepees



Trail Ride and Hike camps have taken on a new look. Over the past three years we have acquired a complete new set of teepees and they are of the best materials and workmanship. But, being all pure white, they lacked the color and individuality of the painted teepees formerly made for us by the Stoney Indians of Morley.

Riders and hikers were loud in their praise of the new teepees, all pitched in an attractive group, but it was not long before the odd remark, 'Ooops—guess I'm in the wrong teepee, sorry,' was heard around camp. Then it became evident that something must be done to readily identify each teepee, as well as bring back color to the camp rather than to the face of the rider who mistook a neighbor's home for his own.

Your councils agreed that the decorated teepee added color to the camp and also helped to avoid the embarrassment of finding one's self in the 'wrong house,' but whom could we get to do the job.

Finally it was decided to ask Bunny Robinson, vice-president of the Trail Riders' association and long-time council member, to take it on.

Now as most Trail Riders know, and according to her art professor at the Institute of Technology and Art in Calgary, Bunny is a most efficient gal who refuses to tackle any job which is less than ten times her size. This one looked big enough for her and she agreed to try it.

She already has seven teepees finished and has made sketches for the designs for the remainder. Everything must be as authentic and as nearly perfect as possible to satisfy her and the research was in itself a prodigious effort. She also wrote a story on the history of the Indian teepee and its decoration, which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Here is what she said when she agreed to take on the job.

"When I was approached with the suggestion that I do the decorating of the new teepees, I felt a bit amiss about tackling the proposition.

"The task of applying appropriate design to an inspiring circle of these dwellings that hold such a feeling of adventure and unexpected anticipation, which any true Trail Rider and Hiker must feel upon his first glimpse of the camp, posed quite a problem.

"It just didn't seem right, not to use traditional Indian design, and if Indian design, why not authentic Indian design. Since our members come from so many scattered geographical points, why not expose them to some of our true western culture. And so my hunt began for traditional history and authentic design.

"This became more involved, more interesting, and more rewarding as I went along, until I found myself embarked on a new adventure and experience, adding every moment to my respect and admiration for our friends the Indians.

"As I began to realize just how serious the business of a decorated teepee is to the Indian, I had to rearrange my designs and seek information from many more sources with regard to authenticity, since I didn't wish to produce any symbol which might offend any tribe or individual. After a considerable amount of research, which included contacting the Museum of National History, in Ottawa, talking with Indian representatives and agents, reading volumes on the history of the Plains Indians, and checking reams of photographs, I finally sketched a number of ideas which I felt could be carried out in a decorative and inoffensive manner.



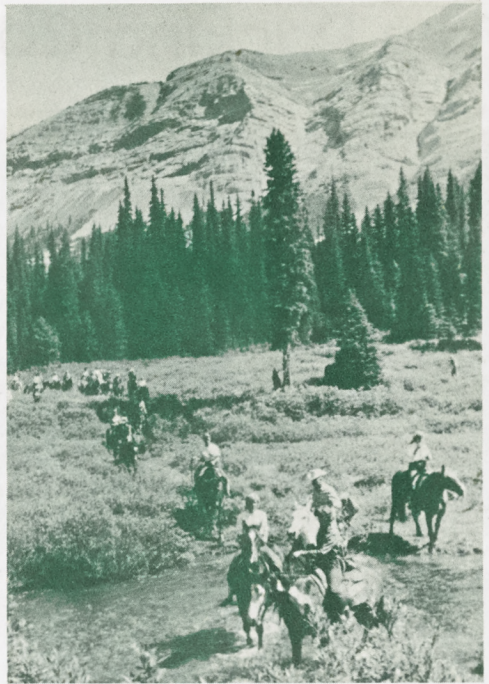
Teepee Painter at Work - Herald Photo

"Besides the design, a technique for applying the proper medium to canvas, which would stand up to our requirements was finally solved — and on to the painting.

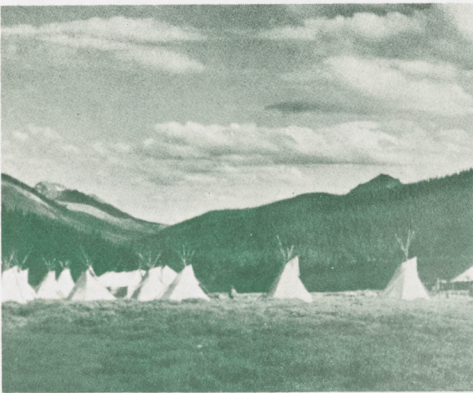
"The first three teepees were done out at base camp at Palliser Pass, and it became so interesting that when the ride was over I brought four more teepees home with me to work on. I spread them out one at a time on the front lawn, (the back wasn't big enough) and set to work. I enjoyed the task, entertained my curious neighbors, and killed large spots of grass on my husband's lawn.

"After one becomes familiar with the various Indian legends and symbols, it is a pleasure to evolve designs, and I have quite a number of ideas sketched for more teepees in the future.

"I hope the ones completed so far will meet with the approval of the Riders — and it's only a few more months till Trail Ride time again. I am enclosing what I trust will not be too long an explanation of the history of the teepee, in the hope that it will help fellow Riders and Hikers to understand more about these shelters, the Indian's purpose in decorating them and why we prefer teepees."



Trail Riding



Edith and Doris want Kenny to look his best

The Packing Contest



Did you ever wonder, when you saw your duffle bag being loaded on the back of a particularly mean-looking critter of a packhorse, what condition your spare shirt, which was wrapped carefully round your bottle of shaving lotion, might be in when you and your duffle arrived in camp?

Or did you ever stop to think, when you stood outside the corral at trailhead watching the packers stowing the sleeping bags, camp supplies and other equipment aboard that glass-eyed roan with the Roman nose and the cow hocks, what was going to keep the stuff in place till camp was reached?

Packing, or throwing the diamond, as it is often called, is an art that has come down through the years and is used wherever goods have to be moved by pack horse. It takes a good deal of know-how as well as more than a little artistry to accomplish.

A properly tied diamond hitch will ensure the pack's safe arrival in camp but there are many things to be taken into consideration.

The pack must balance, otherwise the cayuse will wind up with a 'wow' in his backbone, and will likely arrive in camp minus his load. Also there must be no loose ends of rope or pack mantel to catch on snags.

A loose pack or one that slips will most certainly be bucked off by even the gentlest of horses. Nothing bugs them like a sleeping bag or some other duffle hanging down and belting them in the belly at every step.

All of these things and more, the experienced packer knows, and on the Trail Ride you will have an opportunity to learn them.

Just think how handy this knowledge would be if some day you found yourself faced with the problem of moving Grandma's favourite overstuffed chair, the sofa, or the baby grand, from here to there, and your only means of transportation was the neighbor's borrowed pony.

Each night after dinner in the Trail Ride camp, two or three quiet horses are brought down from the corral and dudes team-up with guides, who teach them, the dudes that is, how to pack a horse. On the last night in camp a competition is held to see who is the best packer or who among the dudes has learned most about the art.

Points are given for speed, neatness and security of the pack as well as the proper positioning of the diamond on top. So here is your chance to become an experienced packer, dig in and learn all about it.

YOUR TRAIL RIDE BUTTONS

Buy them, wear them and be proud

Bronze	50 miles on trail	\$2.50
Silver	100 miles on trail	3.50
Silver enamel	250 miles on trail	4.00
Gold	500 miles on trail	5.00
Gold enamel	1000 miles on trail	6.00
Full enamel	2500 miles on trail	6.00

Those False Teeth

How or when I acquired my false teeth is of little consequence, suffice it to say that I received them in exchange on a horse trade.

Without a doubt the former owner must have been a garrulous nature for they were continually jumping up and down like a Scotchman in front of one of those nickelodians.

A mouthful of food seemed a delight. They would seize on it avidly and my tongue usually felt like it had been run through a meatgrinder. So long as I kept my mouth shut they stayed tranquil but evidently something had been left out of my early training, for the trap was more often open than closed.

Riding a green horse in the corral one day. He was a big black and white stallion named Papoose. His mother's name was Squaw so he fell heir to the name quite naturally.

I was getting along with him alright and he was reining reasonably well, though I hadn't had him out of the pen. He'd bunch up occasionally and get a hump in his back and I'd have quite a time to talk him out of bucking. I was feeding him good, perhaps too good, for one day I think he must have just swallowed his head. One moment it was there in front of me and then — just like blowing out a light — it was gone and I was growing tall in the saddle, dangling at the end of the reins, and he was really spanking me with the cantel of the saddle. He may have made a concerted effort, but be that as it may, I went out of that saddle and over his head like I'd been popped out of little David's slingshot.

I was some dazed when I got up and 'twas several minutes ere I discovered that my teeth

were gone. I searched the corral pretty thoroughly but to no avail and later on I decided I must have swallowed them, for I had a kind of gnawing pain down inside my internal mechanism for days afterwards.

A week or so later we were branding some yearlings in the corral. We had one down and I had the tail holt pulled up tight in the flank and my knees on the ground. I felt a stone or something digging into my knee and after the critter was up I thought I'd pick it up and heave it out of the corral. Was I surprised. There was my teeth packed full of mud and muck. I knocked them against a post to loosen the dirt, run my finger around inside the plate and put them in my mouth. They had a kind of dark brown taste, for all the world like a hang-over, and I took them out of my mouth and stuck them between two rails of the corral.

We was pretty busy at the ranch at the time, what with gathering the cattle and getting squared away for the winter, and I plumb forgot where I'd left the teeth.

Don't suppose I ever would have found them again, but weeks later I was riding by the corral and I noticed all the bark had been chewed off of a couple of rails. Decided to investigate, and believe it or not there was my teeth.

It just demonstrates the fact that truth is oft-times stranger than fiction.

— Ray Bagley



Who Knocked the Newlyweds Tent Down?



Roger Lends the Doc a Hand

Trail Riders were saddened to hear of the passing of Mrs. H. T. (Mabel) Coleman, a former vice-president of the association, wife of H. Travers Coleman, past president.

Although it is now several years since Mrs. Coleman attended a trail ride, oldtimers will long recall her cheery good humour whatever the weather or circumstances, and as an all round good fellow on the trail or in camp.

DATES TO REMEMBER

The 1961 Camps

- Ride 1. Wednesday, July 12 through Sunday, July 16
- Ride 2. Thursday, July 20 through Tuesday, July 25
- Ride 3. Saturday, August 5 through Thursday, August 10
- Ride 4. Monday, August 14 through Friday, August 18



Miss Lib and her gals

TRAIL RIDERS

Official Publication of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

The editor requests all members to send in any news items or pictures which they think might be of interest to Trail Riders. Get-togethers of Trail Riders, vital statistics, other than trail ride activities of members may be of interest to your fellow trail rider so send them in.

All such material which cannot be used promptly will be kept on file for future issues of the bulletin or returned to the sender at his or her request.

Address all communications to:

Fred L. Laidlaw,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies,
C.P.R. Depot,
Vancouver 2, B.C.

THE COUNTERFEIT COWBOY

Oh counterfeit cowboy in colored cap
You are the oddest looking chap.

Riding along with dust in your eye,
Saddle sore, and wondering why —

In the world you are here.
Could it be the scenery?

It's certainly not the pain in your knee.

Or the way you discreetly seek a tree,

When the smoker's stop is called?

Perhaps it's the ruddy faces around

And the wind-burned, unwashed friends
you've found,

Who love to eat their lunch from the ground,
And stir their tea with a twig.

These memories are bright, and yet —

The greatest reason we'll never forget

This is God's creation — a moment met —,
Before we go our way.

— Rudy N. Keil,

"Poet-Laureate of Palliser Pass."

The Townsend Trophy

Picture entries for the Townsend Trophy have been slow in coming in so far, and the deadline has been advanced to March 15th.

Long winter evenings offer a chance to go through the pics you took last summer on the trail and round camp, relive the ride and select your best for entry in the photo contest.

So dig 'em out.

Photographs entered in the competition must have been taken by an amateur, a member of the Trail Riders or one who has made application for membership and must have been taken on the official Trail Ride.

Prints submitted, enter several if you wish, must be black and white (no color please) in sizes 5x7 to 8x10.

Each print should have a nom-de-plume printed on the reverse side along with date submitted. A slip of paper containing same nom-de-plume, and sender's bona fide name and address, should be enclosed in a sealed envelope and sent along with the entries. This is to protect the candidates anonymity till after judging.

Entries will be judged by a panel of three judges, and the winner will be notified as quickly as possible.

A handsome silver miniature of the trophy carrying your name, the association's name, and the date of your victory goes to the winner.



Don Edge and Charlie Cooley

Our Uncle Ray



The Canadian Institute of Chartered Accountants, held their annual conference at the Banff Springs Hotel, last September 11 to 14, some thousand members and their wives were present in the Fairholm Dining Room for the entertainment.

The story is best told, I think, by quoting from some of Ross Alger's letters describing the affair. Ross, our genial M.C., for the first ride, was pressed into service to provide entertainment. Since the convention was being held in the West, Ross decided that what was needed was some sort of a Trail Ride. So having shanghaied Uncle Ray, begged, borrowed or stolen some Indian costumes for the ladies of the cast, Ross put on his show and here is how he described it.

"The photo shows Uncle Ray reciting his poem 'The Bulgy Squaw,' with his left arm around the wife of the President of the Alberta Institute of Chartered Accountants, the wife of the president of the Canadian Institute is also in the pictures as well as several other C.A. wives, who put on Indian garments for the general atmosphere of the evening.

"Uncle Ray was at his absolute best, his voice carried perfectly through the microphone and he was literally the star of the evening. He recited the Bulgy Squaw, The Brewster Cayuse, Annabelle, and two or three of his shorter, more sentimental poems, such as 'A Mother's Prayer'.

"The crowd took him in tow after the entertainment was over and he was last seen 'teepee crawling' at about 2 a.m. He was in good hands, being in the custody of Mr. Eldon Walls, C.A., of Banff, and everyone I have spoken to since seems to have run into him at one time or another during the long night that followed the party."

Looks like one old cowboy must have traded his horse for a bicycle, the way he gets around.

The Indian Teepee

By BUNNY ROBINSON

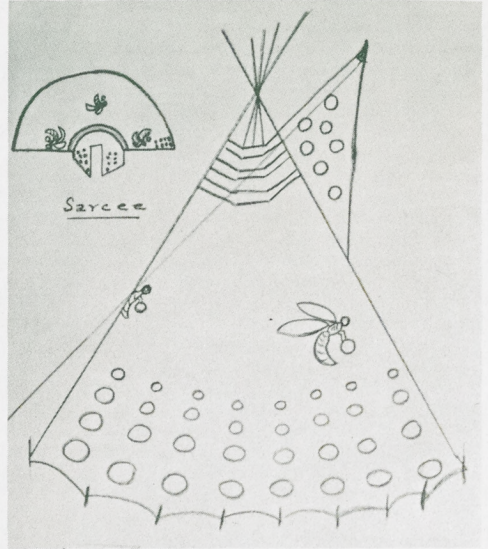
No dwelling in all the world stirs the imagination as does the teepee of the Plains Indian of North America. It is without doubt, one of the most picturesque of shelters and the most practical movable dwelling ever invented. Comfortable, roomy and well ventilated, it was an ideal home for the roving life these people led, following the buffalo herds over the Great Plains. It also proved to be just as practical in a more permanent camp during the long winters. So writes Reginald Laubin in his history of 'The Indian Teepee.'

The history of the teepee as we know it, is long and much too involved to be adequately covered in a short article such as this. However, a few facts are worth noting in order that we can appreciate the many good features of these light, movable shelters.

Within historic times we find people living in conical skin tents, all around the Arctic Circle — Lapps in Europe and Siberia, Mongol tribes in Asia, Woods Indians throughout the entire MacKenzie area of Canada, the Eskimo west of Hudson's Bay and in Labrador, as well as the Indians of the Great Central Plains.

First accounts of these dwellings on our continent, were recorded by the Spaniards in the 1540s. The teepee was then a small conical skin covering, which was transported during treks by dogs.

In the early 1650s, the Indian had managed to capture and subdue, horses, from the wild herds which roamed the southern plains, descendants of the saddle stock and pack animals which had escaped from or were left by Her-



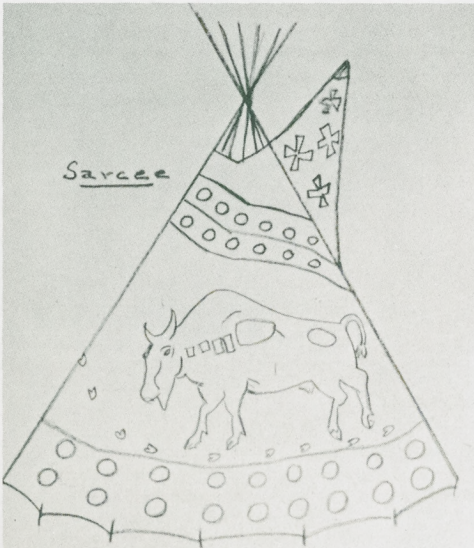
Bee: Omen of prosperity - According to legend the Bee once saved the Tribe from annihilation

nando Cortez and others of the Conquistadores. With this increase in the power of their transportation, the Indian was able to make himself much larger and more comfortable teepees. Thus the general standard of their living improved.

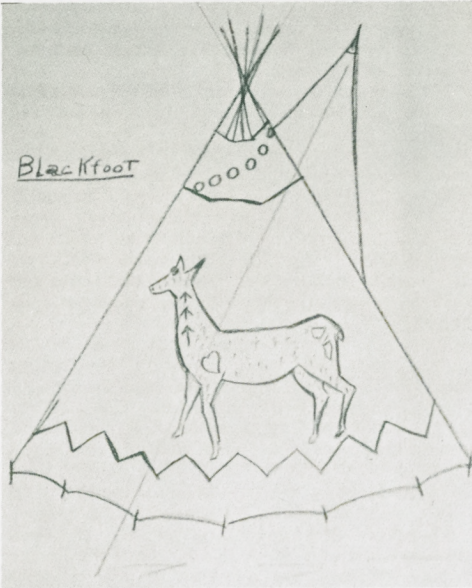
The true teepee is not a symmetrical cone, but a tilted one, steeper at the back, with the smoke hole extending some distance down the more gently sloping, or front side. Here there are two flaps, called smoke flaps, ears or wings. These are supported on movable poles which regulate the draft and carry off the smoke.

A teepee can be easily erected or pitched by one person, usually this was the work of the Indian women. Three poles are tied together near the top, forming a tripod, against these other poles are leaned, until a conical framework appears. The cover of canvas or hides as was the case before the advent of the white man, is then raised with a lifting pole and is wrapped around the pole framework and secured down the front with pins. The bottom is pegged down all round and a separate flap kept rigid across the bottom with a branch, serves as a door.

History does not record when the use of painted design in color originated, but it added picturesqueness to the camp, representing prominent events in the history of the tribe or of the owner, or was of religious significance. The symbol designs used are believed to secure for their owner protection from sickness and misfortune and this type of teepee is more numerous than the war teepee.

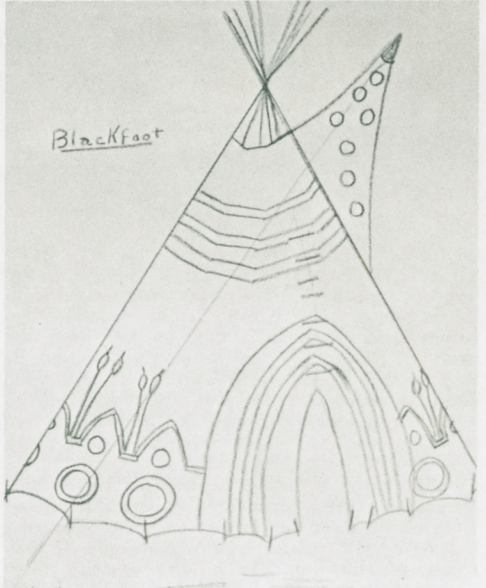


Buffalo Symbol - Most important of all
Provided Food, Clothing and Shelter
Ear Symbol - Morning Star or Butterfly



Story of a Successful Hunt
Night Sky and Stars - The Animal -
Rocky Mountain Dust Band

posed medicinal value. Above this low dark band is often found a row of rounded or pointed projections, these represent ridges or mountain peaks.



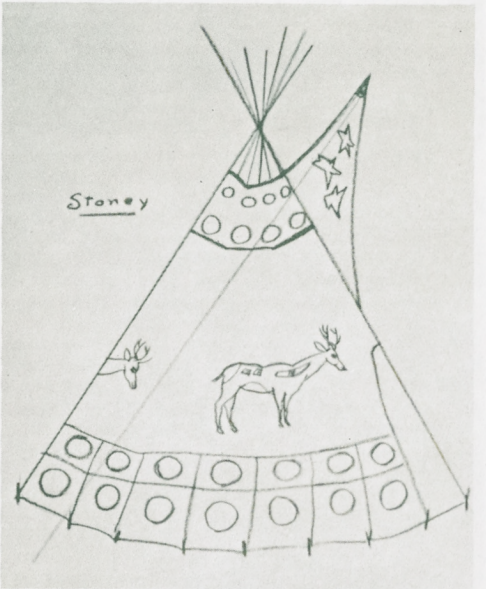
Domicile - Natural Phenomenon - Night Sky
Rainbow - Cattails - Dust Band
Star Constellation

The designs used were always secured through the medium of dreams, after long fasting, and solitary communion with nature. Thus they became exclusive property and there must be no duplicates. When a family teepee wore out, a new one with the same decoration could take its place, but the original then must be destroyed by sacrificing it to the Sun, spreading it upon a lake, weighting it down with stones and sinking it.

The Yellow Buffalo, Crow, Otter, Serpent, Cross Stripe, Big Rock and many others with their legends, have been handed down through generations, and are considered to have very strong protective powers. Their ownership and sacred power is jealously guarded. Sometimes however, when the owner believes the symbol to have lost its power, he may abandon the teepee, or he may transfer it to another. The new owner must swear to observe all rules or become subject to future misfortune.

Thus no Indian would dare to copy the design of a painted teepee unless it had been regularly transferred to him. There are also logical and appropriate reasons for the arrangement of the decorations.

Generally at the bottom, there is an encircling band of dark color representing the earth. Within this band is usually found a row of discs, called 'Dusty Stars.' The Blackfeet have given this name to the puffballs which grow in clusters on the prairies, because they are supposed to be meteors which have fallen from the night sky and spring up as puffballs in the morning. These balls, when squeezed, emit a puff of dust, and they are highly regarded by the Indian for their sup-



Stoney Indian Design is only symbolic - not derivative. They were not a decorative people originally and their motifs are eclectic.

Upon the broad central space is painted the symbol or design of an animal, bird, thunder trail, or whatever is supposed to impart to the lodge its protective power, and from this the teepee receives its distinction.

Surmounting all, and including the flaps, is a broad encircling band of black representing the night sky. Portrayed on this are the sun, crescent moon, the constellation of the Seven Brothers and Lost Children, (Great Bear and Pleiades) and a Maltese Cross, which is the emblem of the Morning Star. This cross also represents the Butterfly (or Sleep Bringer). Sun Dogs and Rainbows too, are often represented.

Sometimes one finds a teepee of entirely different character, a war teepee, depicting in picture form, records of tribal victories or personal achievements. On such a teepee belonging to Running Rabbit, was painted, records of battles with the Crows, Sioux, Snakes, Cheyennes and Flatheads. On another was the story of a daring horse-stealing expedition by a Blackfoot Chief, shown in the act of cutting loose a horse tied close to the lodge in full view of the animal's owner. Still another showed a warrior engaged in fierce hand-to-hand struggle, seizing his enemy's rifle.

Successful scouting expeditions were portrayed by three sides of a square. A circle round a number of arrows pointing outward, depicted the warrior repelling a group of the enemy attacking. On a long crooked line representing a river, was marked the bend where a famous battle took place. Recorded too was the act of a brave who saved the lives of two of his comrades, carrying one on his own horse and leading the horse of the other. The making of the first treaty

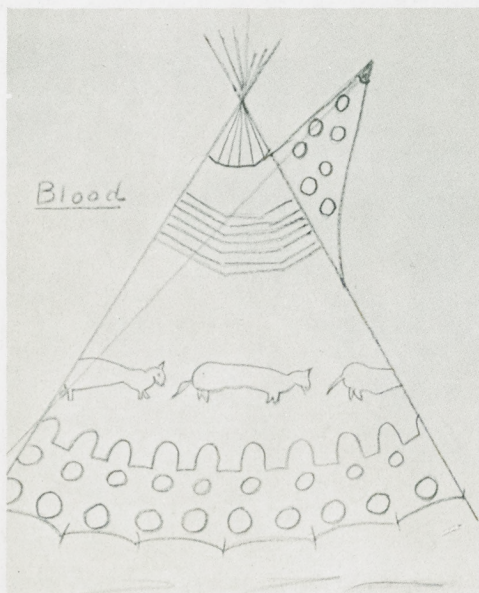
with the whites was considered a great event and was often shown in teepee decoration. It is interesting to note that there were no records of defeats.

All such events were of vital importance in the life of the Indian and this was his way of telling the world.

The white man privileged to look upon the inner circle of painted teepees in the great encampment of the Sun-Dance, would no doubt be properly impressed with the imposing array, and spectacular effect of their novel color and design. However, it probably never would occur to him that he was looking upon the pictorial representation of the teepee-owner's religion.

Just as millions of people wear some outward sign of their faith, be it Christian, Moslem, or African Voodoo, so the teepee proclaims to the world, the belief of the Indian. As patron saints today, and the Gods of Pagan Rome, twenty centuries ago, were held in reverence, so the spirit of the Otter, Buffalo, Beaver, Owl, Crow and many others, is worshipped in its visible representation on the painted teepee.

Wherever the ascending smoke of their campfires denotes their abode, there the Indian piously displays the symbols of his religious faith.



Otter Teepee - Symbol of Good Fortune
Happy Hunting - Protective Power - Night Sky
Rainbow Bands - Foothills - Dusty Stars



Claude, Edith and Larry



On the Trail



"Got a Bandaid, Doc?"

The Life of a Guide

Note —

Perhaps some of the trail riders who got to know Uncle Ray Bagley on the trails and round camp last summer or in former years, have wondered how he puts in the remainder of the season and where and how he spends his time during the winter.

Here is his own account of one after-Trail Ride season.

In winter, he spends much of his time at the Crownsnest Ranch, operated by his son Earl, in the foothills near Coleman, Alberta, although you are just as likely to meet him at a Trail Ride gathering in Calgary in mid-January, surrounded as usual by half a dozen or more of the prettiest members present.

Dear

Just to let you in on what was doing after the trail rides and hike, I'll endeavor to paint the picture as it appeared to me with my limited experience and opportunity.

The day after the trail hike there was a party of two going on a fishing trip for a few days into the Egypt Lake country.

Pack horses, equipment and guides were assembled at the ford on Healy Creek. These

people are a Mr. Norton, a magazine and story writer and his wife from New York. Very nice people and I went up to Healy Creek with Floyd Smith to see them away. Mrs. Norton, I would say, was Spanish. She came from Chile about eighteen months ago — beautiful, pleasant, and like the Spanish people, speaks so fast I have difficulty to keep up with the conversation. They had had experience with horses and trails so there was no trouble on that score and they were soon up the trail and Floyd and I on our way back to Banff.

Sunday, Louise and I went to the Kananaskis Ranch. No car available so we rode the early morning bus. Louise was out celebrating the previous night and I had hard work to get her out of bed but she made it, and we did have a very enjoyable day.

Dudes were all away to Chanaka Lake when we arrived at the ranch, guides also, and Bill was away somewhere and no horses in the corral so we roamed around the ranch on foot. Needless to say we didn't go far. Inspected the corrals, the cabins and the dam at the power plant. Some friends came down from Banff and had dinner at the ranch and Louise and I went back to Banff with them.

There was a lady at the Banff Springs with a little girl seven years old and she wished to ride. Wanted a competent and trustworthy guide and what do you know — I got the job. A lovely little girl with dark hair and eyes, name is Christine. I found a reliable pony with a 7 brand on the left thigh for her to ride. She was no trouble and her mother was good

OUR MOUNTAINS

These mountains, the Canadian Rockies, are ours, yours and mine, to have and to hold, to love and enjoy, to protect and hand on to posterity.

Let us so live that our stewardship is worthy of commendation.

Encroaching civilization crowding back and further back . . . the rail and highways leaving scars on the terrain that will not be obliterated in the memory of those now living . . . commercial enterprise, forced on by the slogan, 'the greater good for the greater number' . . . all these have desecrated our forests and landscapes and no definite attempts have been made to heal the scars by reforestation, other than those efforts by our government.

Further and further back we must go into the hinterland, to find nature as the good Lord left it. As Trail Riders we must see that in our sojourn with nature, we do not abuse our stewardship and that the few scars we do inflict are slight and quickly healed in nature's way.

Perpetual and continuous disregard could in time force us onto protected reservations (as the Indians) for our pleasure rides.

Dust covered trails with hot dog stands to the foot of the very Glacier! God forbid!

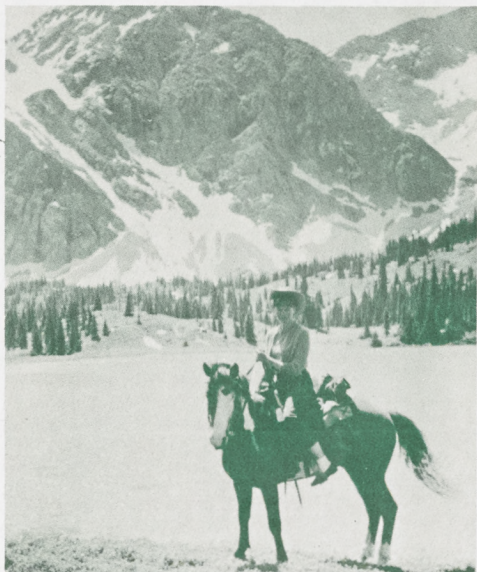
Let us as individuals and Trail Riders so conduct ourselves that posterity will bless the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

Keen Katchenow Wenier (Cree)
(One who lives in the Hills)

— Ray Bagley



Mr. President in the Lead



Carol Brown at Belgium Lake

enough to offer me a tip, but I told her next time she went to church she had better drop it in the collection plate and say a little prayer for me for no doubt I needed her prayers more than her money. We rode another day and the lady brought me a bunch of fruit. She had me hooked that time. We could hardly deposit that on the collection plate, could we.

They were short of guides at the Banff stables and I filled in as guide for three days. We went to a dance at Wapta Lodge Wednesday evening with Floyd Smith and Dan Watkins — took Louise along. I sure had a good time. Danced like crazy up to suppertime and then sat in a corner with a congenial friend and we sang the songs as the music played.

(The Willow) She wore a wonderful Mexican dress and she could really dance. Not used to our Western ways but found it interesting and quite willing to learn. Seems there was another girl or two. One with curly hair, timid but appreciative. The other had wavy brown hair and big, liquid brown eyes. Molly the hostess ran out on me. I have known Molly as long as she has known anything. I know she was busy but she sure stood me up and I was in a stuttering rage all evening. Don't remember whether she kissed me good night or not, I was so damn mad, and to cap it all Louise ran out on me and went home with one of the other boys — the penalty of growing old. The fellow did give me two bits as compensation — should have been half a dollar at least.

You can't buy much heartbalm with two bits, can you? Love 'em and leave 'em, but it works in reverse with me. I love 'em and they leave me. Next girl I pick for a sweetheart is going to be old and lame and blind and have so many saddle sores to sit on that

when she rides away and leaves me she'll have something to think about. That's for sure.

Short of guides at the stable again and I went back for a couple of days.

The Nortons came in from their fishing trip. Think they had a good time. They came look-for me and as usual found me at the White Owl having a feed. That's where all guides can be found sooner or later — mostly sooner. We went over to the office and had a pleasant talk. Mr. Norton wanted permission to use a couple of poems in a story he was writing of the west. Had my picture taken with Mrs. Norton. Not a place in Banff without a house in the immediate background so Claude drove us down to the Bow Falls back of the Banff Springs and we got the falls in the picture also. I may get a picture, eventually. Mrs. Norton wore a blue dress with black figures on it. Brought to mind another girl, another dress, another day and another time. O'er the sea of memory.

A horse got bumped by a car somewhere in the Yoho area — a lot of area for one horse. A girl had ridden this horse from Vancouver. She was proud of this horse, he was of thoroughbred breeding. Claude took me to Wapta where we had supper. Phyllis and Tony went along for the ride. We went on to Yoho afterward to look this horse over. I went out on a limb and told them what little I knew about the matter but my suggestion didn't seem very popular. A guide is much like the prophet — he has no honor in his own country.

However, the lady who owned the horse took me out to the kitchen and boiled a pot of coffee and produced a plate of cookies. I sat on a table with the hostess and enjoyed that part of it anyway.

We went back to Wapta where there was a dance in progress, but I was in no mood for a frolic so sat in a corner like a bear with a sore head but I did enjoy the music.

They tell me the horse recovered, how fortunate for me; I might have gotten shot. Cheap advice is seldom appreciated.

I went back to the Kananaskis Ranch again. A big handsome girl with red-brown eyes the color of raspberry leaves after an early frost went for a ride with me over to the Rafter Six. She was packing a peeve for her current guide and was using me as a whipping boy. We had a good time. She played the part of the guide and I was the dude. I asked her some of the many questions the dudes ask me and she didn't know all the answers either.

Claude and I made a trip to Lake Louise.

I took along my other shirt in case they tied me at Louise. However, Claude got things straightened out to his satisfaction and I went back to Banff and Kananaskis.

Next morning Claude took me in to Calgary and I'm now back at the Crowsnest Ranch — a private citizen again. This doesn't tell it all, perhaps 'tis just as well, but it gives you an inkling of just how interesting life can be. God was good to me when he gave me the Rockies and such wonderful people to live with, and a good horse between my knees.

— Ray Bagley

Stunt Night Capers



Edith and her cookhouse crew



Breakfast Time

Stunt night in the Trail Ride camp is always chock full of surprises.

Presentations (?) range all the way from Opera at its semi best, chorus lines, hastily gotten together poetry, to poorly baked puns and corn which should never have been planted.

The poor old trail horse always seems to get a going-over, riders who fall into the creek or have some other minor misfortune, see themselves as others saw them, and everyone is fair game that night.

Many were the skits, stunts, acts and whatever, last summer. On the last trail ride the Emcee produced a fully decorated Christmas Tree, complete with a Jolly Old Saint Nick and gifts for all.

Pictures here reproduce some of the entertainment.



Gertrude and Baldwin Griffin, Forest Hills, N.Y.



Elaine and her "Stomach Steinway"

MORE STUNT NIGHT . . .



"THIS OLD HORSE" by Male Trio



The Warden Got the Point



The Kangaroo Court



Fishin' near camp



Lightin' a fire?

MORE STUNT NIGHT ...



Lib's Strippers



The Outfit Chorus Line



Jam Session in the Donut



Gordon Alger Recites "Camelius Hump"



A Brewster Cayuse?

Pioneers--Almost

BY BETH PRIESTLEY

We were going to make trail ride history last summer.

The fact that we did not do so can be blamed partly on our lack of numbers, and partly on the serious forest fire situation during July.

A party of a dozen riders, led by Earl Bag-



Robby Brewster. The Littlest Cowboy



What's Cookin' Here

ley of Crowsnest Ranch, planned to ride from Coleman to Banff, a distance of some one hundred sixty miles, meeting the second Trail Ride in camp at Palliser Pass.

Our proposed route was to have been along the Divide, following Racehorse and Dutch Creeks, crossing over into British Columbia at Tornado Pass, then up the Elk River to Elk Lake, Bull River — up the Palliser, down the Spray Rivers, via Sunshine to Banff. Only the latter part of the trip would have been familiar ground.

For various reasons, many of the would-be pioneers dropped out, and on the date set to meet at the Ranch, the only riders to show up were Margaret Bell, Toronto, Eva Moody and Monica Shand, Vancouver, and myself from Winnipeg.

We were holding a pow-wow at the Ranch to decide on new plans, when word came that British Columbia territory was closed because of forest fires, and thus the greater part of our proposed route was cut off.

Earl Bagley knows this country like the back of his hand, and he assured us that he could provide enough camping spots, trail rides and good scenery on the Alberta side to keep us busy. So we four women went on a ten-day pack trip with him as chief guide, disproving definitely the theory that women are the weaker sex. Fortunately we were well conditioned by years of trailriding. The going was strenuous, but well worth the effort. We had good weather, the country was new to us and the scenery was fabulous.

Permission being given by the Forestry Department, our party, made up of Earl Bagley and his young son Bruce, Uncle Ray, the "Four Horsewomen of the Trailrides," and two guides Brian and Bob, left Crowsnest Ranch near Coleman, on the afternoon of July 17, making the twenty-two mile ride to the Forks of the Racehorse, where supper and camp were made by starlight — a novel experience.

Shortly after rolling into sleeping bags that night, we were startled by odd puffing and grunting noises, very close to the tent. While we were deciding whether it was Bruin, or Brian trying to scare us, or if we should yell for help, the queer sounds died away and we finally slept. Next morning Earl had a look around, at our request, and sure enough there were bear traces a few feet from our heads.

From this base camp we explored the district for several days. One day we spent looking for the legendary Lost Lemon Mine. We had no luck however, and returned to camp by way of game trails, along high ridges, climbing over fallen timber for miles.

One morning our two guides were sent to help move the Forestry camp, and returned very much amused. It seems that the rangers had built a fire and were cooking dinner, when one of the look-out planes suddenly flew over and dropped a water-bomb, scoring a direct hit on fire and dinner. Those flying fire wardens were really on their jobs last summer.



Beth Priestley's party near Tornado Pass

On a day of hot, smoke-laden winds, we returned from our ride to find the Forestry boys at camp with orders for us to go "out" next morning. So on July 20, we packed up camp and prepared to leave. Just then the Forestry truck came splashing through the creek. The warden called Headquarters on the intercom system, while we waited anxiously for news.

Finally at noon came word that new orders would await us at the warden's camp, several miles up the Kananaskis Road. We were to go and get these orders, so we made a ride of it, following a pleasant level trail along the valley floor, beside a beautiful stream. The usually busy road and picnic spots were deserted. The Kananaskis area was now closed, so we had all this beauty to ourselves. The note, left for us on the cabin door, gave permission to continue our trip, on the Alberta side.

On July 21st, we moved camp twenty-four miles, to the head of Dutch Creek, near Tornado Mountain, just a few miles from Tornado Pass leading over into forbidden British Columbia. Our rides in this area were long, high, and tough, but we were amply rewarded. The mountains are high and spectacular, the meadows a carpet of flowers, and we saw more birds than on any other trailride.

Tornado Mountain is well named. The wind blows continuously against its rugged face, sounding in the distance, like the roar of a waterfall. It is literally impossible to stand against the sudden, strong gusts.

One day Earl decided we should do a little foot-work. We rode part way up Tornado, on very steep, rocky switchbacks, tied the horses in a thicket of stunted pines, at timberline, and continued on foot up the shale slope to a saddle between Tornado and the next mountain. The wind was terrific, and a storm approached — a most spectacular sight! We could barely hold our cameras steady, but we did get some fine pictures. We also got a shower of ashes from the forest fires burning over in B.C.

We descended by an easier route, while the boys backtracked to fetch the horses, and meet us lower down. We missed the meeting place for a time, and I became very tired, lagging far behind the others. I paid little heed to the large patches of newly turned earth along the trail, except to think that they looked oddly like new plowing, quite impossible up here. After a while, the others halted and I finally caught up, just in time to hear Earl say "this fellow sure had a job hunting for his supper." "What fellow?" I asked. He pointed to a huge footmark, new in the soft earth. "That's a grizzly bear," he said. After that I kept well up with the others. We were all relieved when we at last saw the boys with the horses ahead.

Our forestry friends seemed anxious to be rid of us, and as some supplies were running low, on July 24th, we broke camp once more and began the two-day trip back to the ranch at Coleman.

On this pack trip, we four trail riders made a number of new discoveries. We found for instance, that the Bagley mile is at least twice as long as the Brewster mile which in turn is twice as long as the statutory variety. We found too, that clocks and watches are almost unknown in this area — time being measured by the m.p.h. of the horses, in ratio to the roughness of the terrain.

We also discovered something new and novel in mountain climbing. Here one leads his or her own horse, holding onto the tail of the horse above. By this method, almost sheer rock walls may be easily(?) negotiated. We are almost certain too, that we have discovered the main source of inspiration for Stewart Cameron's Trailride Cartoons. Surely Mr. C. has at sometime or another, been on a pack trip with Earl Bagley.

It was a splendid ride however, and we enjoyed it to the full. Although the original plan did not materialize, we hope it is merely postponed, and that we may someday be among the pioneers who, first ride the "long, long trail" from Coleman to Banff.

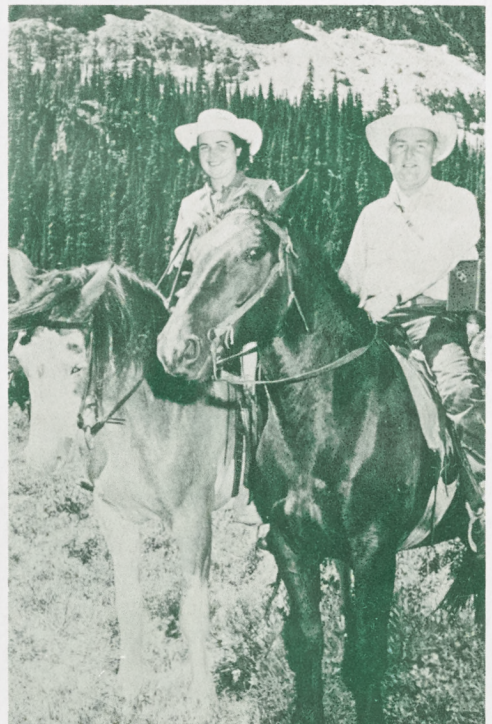


TRINA VAUX
Her Dad was Trail Riders President in 1935

Softer than a saddle, Olive?



Vancouver is Represented



The Renwicks from Toronto



Chief Guide takes a count for strays



"Jinglein"



Top of Palliser Pass



Marshall Lowe, Cowboy from Seattle



The Pack Train

Facts for Prospective Members

Who are the Trail Riders?

The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent society of alpine enthusiasts of both sexes who each year hold four camps—of five and six days' duration — in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise.

Membership in the order is open to all, regardless of race, creed, color or profession.

What are their aims?

Principal aims of the society are to encourage horseback riding over the more remote trails of the Canadian Rockies, to encourage the construction of new trails and the maintenance and improvement of those already in use, to promote good fellowship, interest in wild life, and to co-operate with other organizations holding similar aims.

How are they governed?

Established in 1924 by the late John Murray Gibbon, of Montreal, the Trail Riders have their own constitution, executive officers, council, and various operating committees. A new slate of officers is elected annually, the office of President alternating each year between a Canadian and an American Trail Rider.

How is the camp conducted?

Trail Riders make their headquarters at a central camp from which a series of outstanding trails radiate. They set out each morning, lunch on the trail and return to camp at nightfall for supper, singsong and campfire entertainment. Riders make their home in artistically decorated Indian Teepees. Sleeping bags take the place of beds.

How do I join the annual ride?

To make application for any of the annual rides simply drop a note to the Secretary-Treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, C.P.R. Depot, Vancouver 2, B.C., enclosing a deposit of \$10.00, and stating which of the rides you wish to attend. If you find it necessary to cancel your reservation on or before June 15 your deposit is refunded.

What is the cost of a ride?

Cost of the five-day and six-day rides are \$85.00 and \$98.00 respectively. This includes horse and saddle equipment, te-

pee accommodation, meals in camp and on the trail, guide services, gratuities and transportation of duffle between Banff and camp, both ways.

The organization also has sleeping bags to rent for \$5.00 for the duration of the camp. Those who have their own, of course, are asked to bring them along.

How are applications considered?

Each of the rides is limited to 60 riders. It is only fair, therefore, that applications be accepted in order of their arrival. Members and prospective members should have their applications in before July 1. However, if vacancies still exist after that date further applications will be accepted.

What experience is required?

You don't need to be an expert or even a mediocre rider to join the organization. Some join the rides with little or no experience in the saddle. The horses are mild mannered, sure footed mountain cayuses which are noted for their dependability on the trails and are allotted according to the experience of the rider.

The cavalcade moves in single file at a walk, an average day's ride comprising 10 to 15 miles with frequent rest periods. Seated in a big western saddle with hand resting on saddle horn, even the greenest dude can watch the landscape in complete comfort and security. And if you happen to be weary some morning you can laze around camp all day without loss of face!

How do I become a member?

To be a full-fledged member of the organization you must have at least 50 miles of Rocky Mountain trail riding to your credit. This mileage can be acquired either with the Trail Riders themselves or independently.

Upon completion of a membership form and payment of the annual \$3.00 fee, you become a full-fledged member and are entitled to wear the button of the order, these varying with your accumulated mileage. As a member you are entitled to receive the Trail Rider's official magazine, issued during the year. You also become eligible for any office in the executive or council.



Smoke Stop



Trail Rider's Camp at Laryx Lake



End of a Hard Day

SEND THEM IN EARLY

Applications for the Trail Rides should be sent to the secretary-treasurer, Fred L. Laidlaw, C.P.R. Depot, Vancouver 2, B.C.

Reservations should be accompanied by a deposit of \$10.00 and should be sent in as early as possible to avoid disappointments and over-crowding of the rides at the last minute.

TRAIL RIDERS of the Canadian Rockies

Officers, Council and Committees



President: D. C. McVeigh, Drumheller, Alta.

Vice-Presidents:

W. H. Bertsche, Jr., Great Falls, Mont.
C. L. Stivers, Barrington, Ill.

H. C. Watkins, Calgary, Alta.
Mrs. B. Robinson, Calgary, Alta.

Miss Ethel Knight, Banff, Alta.

Secretary-Treasurer

F. L. Laidlaw, Vancouver, B.C.

Council:

R. P. Alger, Calgary, Alta.
Miss J. B. Bailey, Vancouver, B.C.
Mrs. D. Beacon, Seebe, Alta.
Mrs. Bette Bendixon, Berkeley, Cal.
Miss Betty Bolebec, Vancouver, B.C.
Mrs. Chas. Douglas, Calgary, Alta.
Miss June Duncan, Calgary, Alta.
Miss Irene Fedak, Winnipeg, Man.
John Fisher, Toronto, Ont.
Miss F. L. Fulton, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. H. W. Hayward, Montreal, Que.

Miss Margaret Jenkins, Vancouver, B.C.
W. R. Joyce, Toronto, Ont.
Miss Ellen M. Knower, Utica, N.Y.
J. A. Kyles, Vancouver, B.C.
F. L. Laidlaw, Vancouver, B.C.
John Legge, Calgary, Alta.
Dr. J. D. Leishman, Regina, Sask.
J. H. McIver, Two Hills, Alta.
Dr. D. L. McNeil, Calgary, Alta.
Miss Ethel Knight, Banff, Alta.
Mrs. Bob MacNichol, Calgary, Alta.

Mrs. Esther Moulton, New York, N.Y.
Hammy Neelands, Edmonton, Alta.
Dr. Harry Osborne, Calgary, Alta.
Mrs. Beth Priestley, Winnipeg, Man.
Miss Helen Ramsay, Edmonton, Alta.
Mrs. R. C. Riley, Calgary, Alta.
J. D. Stephenson, Great Falls, Mont.
Mrs. Gertrude Tees, Vancouver, B.C.
Mrs. Pat Waite, Calgary, Alta.
C. W. Wilson, North Vancouver, B.C.

Executive Committee:

Mrs. J. I. Brewster, Banff, Alta.
Claude B. Brewster, Banff, Alta.
L. S. Crosby, Banff, Alta.
Mrs. P. A. Moore, Banff, Alta.
B. I. M. Strong, Ottawa, Ont.
Miss E. G. Smith, Jenkintown, Pa.
Miss Ruth Woolley, Woodbury, N.J.

Trail Committee:

Claude B. Brewster, Banff, Alta.
Bud Brewster, Banff, Alta.
G. H. Dempster, Banff, Alta.
Marshall H. Diverty, Woodbury, N.J.
Fred L. Laidlaw, Vancouver, B.C.
D. C. McVeigh, Drumheller, Alta.
Mrs. P. A. Moore, Banff, Alta.
Mrs. B. Robinson, Calgary, Alta.
C. M. Smith, Vancouver, B.C.
H. C. Watkins, Calgary, Alta.

Jasper Squadron:

Mrs. Robert Bickley,
Major Fred Brewster, Chairman
Mrs. Harry Kensit, Secretary.

Official Trail Doctor:

Dr. Max Shafto, Calgary, Alta.

Editor of Bulletin:

Fred L. Laidlaw, Vancouver, B.C.

Honorary Members:

Mrs. Francis Adaskin, Toronto, Ont.
Lt. Col. L. S. Amery, London, Eng.
Johnny Bearspaw, Morley, Alta.
Chas. Beil, Banff, Alta.
Fletcher P. Brady, Riverside, R.I.
Major Fred Brewster, Jasper, Alta.
Mrs. W. A. Brewster, Seebe, Alta.

Mrs. E. Cromwell, New York, N.Y.
Mrs. H. Dooley, Chicago, Ill.
Dr. Russell Fowler, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Basil Gardom, Dewdney, B.C.
J. A. Hutchison, Ottawa, Ont.
Wallace Kirkland, Chicago, Ill.
Norman Luxton, Banff, Alta.

Capt. A. H. MacCarthy, Annapolis, Md.
Mrs. D. C. MacFarland, Ithaca, Pa.
Deputy Commissioner Ryan, R.C.M.P.,
Regina, Sask.
The Marquis of Willingdon, London,
England.
Lady Willingdon, London, England.

Ex-Presidents:

W. U. Bardwell, Barrington, Ill.
J. I. Brewster, Banff, Alta.
H. T. Coleman, Montreal, Que.
Marshall H. Diverty, Woodbury, N.J.
Mrs. H. Dooley, Chicago, Ill.
Charles Douglas, Calgary, Alta.
Chas. M. Dunn, Regina, Sask.
Major General W. W. Foster,
Victoria, B.C.
Mrs. W. A. Fuerst, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. A. T. Gillespie, Fort William, Ont.
Keith Hoffmeyer, Indianapolis, Ind.
Sidney Hollander, Baltimore, Md.
Ralph J. Mather, St. Paul, Minn.
Lt. Col. P. A. Moore, Banff, Alta.
Mrs. P. A. Moore, Banff, Alta.
R. H. Palenske, Woodstock, Ill.
Dr. H. W. Price, Calgary, Alta.
Dr. C. W. Prowd, Vancouver, B.C.
Dr. Geo. Rea, Saskatoon, Sask.

Carl Rungius, Banff & New York.
F. E. Sabin, Eureka, Mont.
Dr. H. J. Vanek, Menomonie, Wis.
George Vaux, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
J. M. Wardle, Ottawa, Ont.
Walter D. Wilcox, Chevy Chase, Md.
N. R. Crump, Montreal, Que.
Dr. Dorothy I. Muirhead, Hastings, Minn.

Life Members:

Atkin, Dr. G. M., Banff, Alta.
Bagley, Raymond, Coleman, Alta.
Bell, Miss Margaret, Toronto, Ont.
Blakney, Peter J., Verona, N.J.
Brewster, Claude, Banff, Alta.
Brewster, Mrs. James I., Banff, Alta.
Carter, Wilf, Carstairs, Alta.
Crosby, L. S., Banff, Alta.
Crosby, Mrs. L. S., Banff, Alta.
Dooley, Mrs. Harry, Chicago, Ill.
Dore, Mrs. Pearl V. W., Baltimore, Md.
Duclos, Aubrey S., Edmonton, Alta.
Eames, Mrs. Frances M., Toronto, Ont.
Fuerst, Mrs. W. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Harbison, Miss Anne, Philadelphia, Pa.
Henry, Mrs. J. Norman, Gladwyne, Pa.

Hollander, Mrs. Sidney, Baltimore, Md.
Kaufman, Eugene M., Jr., Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania
Kelley, Miss Dora H., South Bend, Ind.
Luxton, Norman, Banff, Alta.
MacCarthy, Capt. A. H., Annapolis, Md.
MacCarthy, Mrs. A. H., Annapolis, Md.
MacFarland, Mrs. D. C., Ithaca, Pa.
Mather, Ralph J., St. Paul, Minn.
McKorkle, Miss Alvena, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Merrill, Miss Ella P., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mitchell, G. B., Rutherford, N.J.
Moore, Mrs. P. A., Banff, Alta.
Nicolls, Frederick W. Jr., Reading, Pa.
Noble, William M., Banff, Alta.
Priestley, Mrs. Beth, Winnipeg, Man.

Reid, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.
Riley, Mrs. R. C., Calgary, Alta.
Rungius, Carl, Banff and New York
Sabin, Frank E., Eureka, Mont.
Shepherd, Mrs. Graham, Fleet, Hants,
England.
Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.
Smith, Miss Elizabeth G., Jenkintown, Pa.
Stowell, Dr. Averill, Tulsa, Okla.
Vallance, Mrs. Sydney, Banff, Alta.
Vaux, George, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Watkins, Howard C., Calgary, Alta.
Williams, J. F., Vancouver, B.C.
Wills, Miss Hilda P., Bristol, England.
Woolnough, W. H., Montreal, Que.